

PIECES OF THE DIVINE MASTERPIECES: POET'S VOICE

CHRISTINE McNEILL-MATTESON*

Abstract: To express feelings often wrapped in the literary world of poetry and prose, the creative mind pulls from the energy of the cosmos. The writer/poet's words become the universal truth that is retold by artists over time and offer more explicit insights to consciousness and sentience. Robert Salter, a novelist and writer wrote, "Everything is a dream, all that exist is what has been written down." Albert Einstein, "There are only two ways to live your life. One is as though nothing is a miracle. The other is as if everything is." In my following poems, I write about the complexity of the human interaction with the spirit. We are unaware of our consciousness and how intricately it is a part of the universe and the cosmos. We look for those who go ahead of us, and question their journey into the present awareness of time. Searching for the meaning of life and for the consciousness, poets and philosophers record the eternal from the internal and call upon the cosmos.

Keywords: consciousness, divine, cosmos, poet, philosopher, creativity

Everywhere I go I find a Poet has been there before me.
Sigmund Freud

The "true inner self must be drawn up like a jewel from the bottom of the sea, rescued from confusion,"¹ so, the artist writes, paints or composes to respond to the consciousness, always seeking what Albert Camus calls "the futility of living."

The existentialism of today has become a new awareness in the efforts of the philosophers to apply empirical studies measured by deductive reasoning. The words of Neil Diamond, "the clouds are hung for the poet's eye," ring timeless to the pen of the poet, the brush of the artist and the inquisiting mind of the philosopher. History looks

* Christine McNeill-Matteson (✉)

University of Kansas, 1450 Jayhawk Bd. Lawrence, KS – 66045, USA
e-mail: Mzrtslady2@gmail.com

¹ Thomas Merton (1961/2007). *New Seeds of Contemplation*. New York, NY: New Directions Publishing, p.38.

at the philosophers and poets for understanding the immeasurable quest of the human consciousness and divine sentience.

Life in all its absurdities offers a clean canvas with clean brushes and fresh paint, the artist/poet holds its pen and brush up to the philosophers who went before, Kierkegaard, Camus. Poets have met the absurd world and look to the divine to help piece together our masterpieces.

Phenomenology teaches us to listen to the universe, to pay attention to our beginnings and to give back what it calls to give. Poets and philosophers record the eternal from the internal and call upon the cosmos.

Creativity and the Cosmos dance within the energies of the universe and settle into droplets of wisdom to be shared to all those who are seeking the true beauty of creation. The creations are passed down by the poet's verse, the inquisitor's songs and the paint on the artist's canvas throughout history. The Greek translation for the word 'poet' is creator.

In *The Way of the Dreamcatcher*², Robert Lax, when asked by the author, Georgiou "what makes a writer?", he responded: "Simply the grace and peace of heaven. ...Anything more just seemed to get in the way."

The poets and philosophers have sought out the meditation Robert Lax refers to, allowing us to 'let go' of the very limited constraints of our 'self' and allowing the beauty of creativity.

Recently my Mother passed away, and I was drawn into the holy place before she passed. Listening and praying at her bedside there was a knowing. As a poet, the knowing became my poem, *The Secrets*:

You have entered gates
locked from the inside of wisdom
separating me from your presence.
I knelt down in your passing
whispered in your ear,
"you now know the secrets."
These gates of here and there,
where we pass in the now and then.

² Steve T. Georgiou (2002). *The Way of the Dreamcatcher: Spirit Lessons with Robert Lax: Poet, Peacemaker, Sage*. Ottawa: Novalis, p.150.

Our brain is a human tool, our consciousness is a togetherness within God and the wholeness of love that is made up of the universe. A poem that came to me one day, so quickly, I could hardly get it on paper fast enough, is *Whispered Prayer*:

Lord, did you hear my whisper while I was still in bed?
It wasn't a litany, but a whispered said.
"Child, I heard your whisper, before you ever spoke,
I sent the spirit before you woke.

Lord, did you hear my whisper while I was away?
It was just a couple of words that I had to say.
"Child, I heard your musings, and delighted in your joy,
It was I that sent the spirit and beckoned you to employ."

Lord, did you hear my whispers when I cried out loud,
screaming silent screams in the middle of the crowd?
"Child, I heard you crying without a single sound,
It was then the spirit whispered; child I am around."

Lord, did you hear my whispers when I fell flat on my face,
It was the whisper I cried, in among the human race?
"Child, I knew you were falling before you took the step,
It was angels that broke the fall and heard you when you wept."

Lord, did you hear my whispers, when I noticed the beauty of the day,
I asked you to keep me in your own special way?
"Child, I hear all your whispers, that never make a sound,
I am always speaking to tell you, 'I am around'"

Then Lord, forgive my whispers, I owe you more I know,
But Lord within the whispers, I trust that I will grow.
"Child, it was I that taught you to whisper, and bring you to your being,
as you exercise your faith, I'll give grace within your seeing."

Then Lord, don't give up on me, when my whispers are not many,
when the prayers are scarce and the talks don't come in plenty.
"Child, I know your weakness, 'I love you', just the same,
because when I sent the spirit, the spirit recognized your name."

"So sleep and wake in morning, I'll listen for your voice,
and trust the spirit will be there; to help you make the choice."

Steve Georgiou asked Robert Lax³ “What if people just don’t like each other?” Lax responded: “They should listen to the poets and the artists and the movie makers and the priests and try to sing and create themselves.” “The cosmos is a big canvas. I think everybody should get out their pens, prayers and canvases and composition books and paints and brushes.” In the poem, “Spirit”, from *Circus of the Sun*, by Robert Lax, we read:

Sometimes we go on a search
And we do not know what we are looking for,
Until, we come again to your beginning...

In the words of Thomas Merton⁴: “And so it takes heroic humility to be yourself and to be nobody but the man, or the artist, that God intended you to be.”

Poets, philosophers are always gazing out into the universe.

Questioning the universe is at times a hard place to go, as an observer, inquisitor, sage, or peacemaker. Søren Kierkegaard wrote⁵, “What is a poet? An unhappy person who conceals profound anguish in his heart but whose lips are so formed that as sighs and cries pass over them they sound like beautiful music.” I believe they are capable of observing the unhappiness of others and then form the words that have the ability to allow others to pay attention; and it becomes universal. In the words of Albert Einstein, “The true value of a human being is determined primarily by the measure of the sense in which he has attained liberation from the self.”

And my poem *Tears*:

Round
and
warm,
falling softly with
emotions.
To come with plenty,
only to quickly go away;
the taste is

³ *Ibidem*, p.153.

⁴ Thomas Merton, *op.cit.*, p.100.

⁵ Søren Kierkegaard (1843/1923). “Diapsalmata”, *Either/Or*, Part I. Hollander: Lee Milton.

as salty as the sea,
the nature as unpredictable;
understood only by you.

It is not your duty
to carry the burden,
nor your light of joy

It is within prayer, contemplation and meditation that the philosopher, poet, artist often feels the closest to the divine. We listen, we pray, and we in silent voices pray. In the words of Thomas Merton, “Prayer and love are really learned in the hour when prayer becomes impossible and your heart turns to stone.”⁶ In my poem *We Went Fishing*:

He came to me within a dream.
In quiet approach we went fishing.

He watched my skills as I prepared,
Cut the bait and threw the snare.

I asked his name, and when he said,
‘Jesus’, I quietly looked ahead.

I asked that he repeat again,
not sure if I correctly heard him.

“Jesus’, he repeated once more,
which is when I thought to explore.

“Why do you have such an unusual name?”
He answered then remained.

“You needed me and so I came.”

Merton writes ‘lover and beloved’ are one spirit. The creativity drawn from the divine, the cosmos and the creator is a wellspring of the beauty of the arts. The work of artists inspired by the divine, create prisms of the cosmos, as those of lighted stars; they shine into truth and hope. This life, this consciousness is not a closed door. There are many who work in all fields of science, psychology, philosophy and

⁶ Thomas Merton, *op.cit.*, p.221.

arts, paying attention to the same twinkling in the cosmos, in whatever avenue of knowledge that it has been presented to them.

C.S. Lewis, well-published intellect and theologian, dealt with challenges here on earth. Toward the end of his life his deceased wife Helen appeared to him one evening. In his book *A Grief Observed*, he tells of the experience. He was surprised by the familiarity he felt and in his own words, “It was quite incredible, unemotional, just the impression of her mind momentarily facing my own; mind, not soul as we tend to think of a soul... There was an extreme intimacy that had not passed through my senses at all.”⁷ We experience the sublime as we find the creative will to express what we know in the cosmos.

Ash Wednesday

Silent prayer,
Read aloud,
Keeping me
in a spiritual shroud.

Ashes wet,
Incense burned
the blessing given,
the sacred urn.

Oh the swirling of deafness
Inside my head,
I did not hear
One prayer said.

I only heard your voice
In the songs,
the missing of you
where you once belonged...

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
I feel your presence
I feel your trust.

⁷ C.S. Lewis (1961). *A Grief Observed*. New York: Harper & Row, p.71.

For a moment, I allowed myself to return to the precious moments after her soul had passed, and it was only her physical body left behind. I felt the once-again, the pull of the energy that existed as I stood there knowing she was on her way to a new place. It was like riding a horse in full climb. You are a passenger being pulled into a force that is not of you. You become one and you are no longer significant; you wait. The flood gates of tears silently pouring on your cheeks is the only release, the only salvation from being swept away with this force of energy as it pulls you out of existence as we know it. We naturally seek an understanding in times when the very precipice of consciousness shows us a holy ground of awareness. The poets, the philosophers, inquisitors and artists know in the paint brush or pen, all that is left is to climb.

And the drawing near of Death, which alike levels all, alike impresses all with a last revelation, which only an author from the dead could adequately tell.

Herman Melville

According to Thomas Nagel, “Conscious subjects and their mental lives are inescapable components of reality not describable by the physical sciences.” The author of *Mind and Cosmos* stresses: “Our intrinsic cognitive limitations are not merely beyond our grasp in humanity’s present stage of intellectual development. But I believe that we cannot know this ...the human will is inexhaustible.”⁸

Quiet Abode

In my weeping, I learned to swim,
In my climbs, my strength was measured,
Across the valleys, I saw the sun.

It isn’t the river of my tears,
or the mountains so rugged,
but, the strength in my open run.

Tender moments and crashing worlds,
given up for times unfurled,
I feel the strength of your road.

⁸ Thomas Nagel (2012). *Mind and Cosmos: Why the Materialist Neo-Darwinian Conception of Nature is Almost Certainly False*. Oxford University Press, pp.40; 128.

I know that when I lose the way,
I know that when the darkness comes,
There you are in quiet abode.

We seek to understand the nature of the cosmos when the echoes of the past resound a familiarity from Kant's statement in the "Conclusion" to his *Critique of Practical Reason*: "Two things incline the heart to wonder, the moral law within and the starry sky above." A significant remark is made by the Nobel laureate physiologist, Sir John C. Eccles, who features: "I maintain that the human mystery is incredibly demeaned by scientific reductionism, with its claim in promissory materialism to account eventually for all of the spiritual world in terms of patterns of neuronal activity. This belief must be classed as superstition... We have to recognize that we are spiritual beings with souls existing in a spiritual world as well as material beings with bodies and brains existing in a material world."⁹

What makes the artist, the poet, the inquisitor, and the philosopher to probe the enigma of consciousness, and the cosmos, is best defined when the creativity is distilled into a form designed by the seekers. "If you would be a real seeker after truth, it is necessary that at least once in your life you doubt, as far as possible, all things" we remind René Descartes' urge.

Meditation

Breathing into self awareness,
the internal reaching for the eternal
is felt in the fingertips of time---
I wait on creation.

"Omniscient, Omnipotent we are one with God and the divine, reaching into the Cosmos". In the words of the creator of the phenomenology of life, "where does this inspiration come from? Not from a distance, but from within."¹⁰

⁹ John C. Eccles (1991). *Evolution of the Brain: Creation of the Self*. London/New York: Routledge, p.241.

¹⁰ Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka (2011). "The Song of the *Promised One*". In Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka (ed.), *Sharing Poetic Expressions: Beauty, Sublime, Mysticism in Islamic and Occidental Culture*. Dordrecht/Heidelberg/London/New York: Springer, p.238.

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